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MARIA MITCHELL, LL.D

Maria Mitchell, the noted astronomer, died on June 28, 1889. She was the daughter of William Mitchell, a well-known astronomer of Nantucket, Massachusetts. His daughter was born on August 1, 1818, and at the age of eleven years, began to assist her father in his astronomical work. Night after night she spent in the study of the stars. She soon surpassed her father in the energy and zeal with which she prosecuted her work, and especially her search for comets. In 1847 her efforts were rewarded, and she at once became famous. For her discovery of a comet the King of Denmark sent her a gold medal.

In 1853 she visited Europe, and inspected the principal observatories of Great Britain and the Continent. She was the honored guest of Herschel and of Sir George B. Airy, the British Astronomer Royal, at Greenwich. She was also the guest of Le Verrier in Paris and Humboldt in Berlin, and received high honors wherever she went.

On her return home Miss Mitchell was presented by the women of America with a telescope much larger than any used by her father.

Miss Mitchell was the first woman to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. She always took a prominent part in the movement to elevate woman's work and presided at the meetings of the American Association for the advancement of Women in Syracuse, in 1875, and in Philadelphia in 1876. She was a member of various scientific societies; the American Association for the Advancement of Science elected her a member in 1850, and a fellow in 1874. In 1852 the degree of LL.D. was conferred on her by Hanover College, and in 1887 by Columbia.

Private plans and investigations were laid aside when, in 1865, she entered upon her professorship of astronomy at Vassar College. For twenty-four years she has given her best thought and effort to advancing the interests of the college through her department. To make the department a strong one and live one, yet thorough and scholarly, and to make the observatory scientific in all its appointments, and worthy to be compared with any other of its size in the country, have been her impelling aims. To make the astronomical department independent and self-supporting was her heart's desire.

Toward this end, by personal solicitations, she raised $5,000, but further efforts on her part were prevented more than a year ago by failing health.

Since her death, arrangements have been made to raise, with this $5,000 as a nucleus, the sum of $40,000 calling it the "Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund," and with it establish an astronomical chair at Vassar in her honor, and a half of the sum has already been raised.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"My vessel will sail in a few days now, so I shall start on my tramp to New London to-morrow, and I thought I would come in to say good-by and give Jared, here, this book to make him think of me

MARIA MITCHELL, LL.D.

once in a while," and the old sailor, Barzillai Waterman, took from the pocket of his heavy pea-jacket a thin, blue, paper-covered little book. "I bought it at a stall in Liverpool one day when the old "Martha Taylor" put in there and we got leave to go on shore. I took the notion into my head I might study it some, but I couldn't make head or tail of the gibberish. I find it is easier for me to pick up what navigation I need as I sail along than it is to learn it out of a book."

A little black-eyed, curly-headed lad, who was lying flat upon the white, sanded floor, working out problems in mathematics of his own improvising with a bit of charcoal upon the smooth stone hearth, sprang to his feet, eagerly took the book from the old sailor's hand, and cried out, "Oh, thank you, thank you, Uncle Barzil," and dropping down again in front of the firelight, was lost in the magical pages.

The old man laughed and nodded at the boy's mother. "Just like his grandmother, my sister Bertha, your mother," he said. "She used to read everything she could lay her eyes on, and she wrote some proper good verses, to my thinking. You like to read about places and things, but I would rather go and see them. I suspect Jared will do both, and write about what he has heard and seen as likely as not; but he has got something now to study on for one while. He won't conquer that book right away, if the school-master does say he's got the better of every arithmetic book in town, so far."

If the bright boy did not conquer the science of navigation, he did its history, from the days of Medina and Cortes, and from a supplementary nautical almanac he was able to understand how the science was made available to seamen. On clear nights he studied the heavens from the hilltops, and the whole solar system seemed to be revolving in the boy's active brain. He drew maps, diagrams and charts with a pointed stick in the hard-trodden earth in front of his mother's door, or bits of charcoal did duty on the sunny doorstep and the stone hearth.

When the pumpkins began to form on the sprawling vines that bordered the cornfields with their huge, prickly leaves and flaunting yellow blossoms, he watched them with eager interest, and one after another was picked, not to be fashioned into that delight of most boys, a jack-o'-lantern, but to be transfixed with a flax spindle and made to revolve inside his mother's three-legged iron pot.

But the vegetables withered and decayed, and the pot was brought into requisition for cooking the dinner, and Jared cast about in his mind how he was to procure a globe of less perishable material. There was a turning-lathe of old Moses Slafter's, some two miles off, and up the valley the resolute youngster went with no loitering stops, and succeeded in procuring a wooden ball about as large as his black, curly head. This was a treasure indeed, and over the white, polished sphere he spent many a delightful hour in drawing in ink the meridian and parallel lines, the various divisions of land and water and all the minute geographical diagrams.

The old stone chimney and hearth, the only relics of his mother's humble dwelling on that lonely roadside, but a few minutes' walk from where I am writing, now moss-grown and fern-embowered, might, could they talk, tell the story of the perfecting of this piece of patient, skilful labor. I have the honor of its possession, the precious heirloom being frequently admired by visitors to my library. The parallels and meridians are drawn and numbered with a hot pointed iron; the grand divisions are traced in ink; the axis is a coarse knitting-needle, and the pine frame upon which the ingeniously constructed globe is suspended is whittled out and carefully dovetailed together with a pocket-knife. A rather crude affair taken altogether, but a wonderful piece of mechanism when we take into account that it was made nearly a century ago by a child of ten who had never seen any apparatus of the kind, and had nothing to guide him in its constructions except the ideas he had gained from that meagre and abstruse book "Uncle Barzil," the old sailor had given him.

This wonderfully bright and studious boy, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished scholars of his day, was Jared Sparks. The place of his birth and

boyhood was the hilly, picturesque town of Willington, Tolland County, Connecticut. Here he struggled on and on, doing the work and learning the lessons that lay nearest his hand. He worked on the rugged farm; he learned the carpenter's trade; he taught the district school winters, and, as such boys always do, gained many friends.

One of these was the village pastor, Rev. Hubbel Loomis, afterwards a college president, and the father of Elias Loomis, LL.D., the eminent professor of astronomy and mathematics at Yale College. One day the pastor said to the youth, "My barn needs shingling, and you ought now to begin Latin. Can we not strike up a bargain?" Jared was glad of the opportunity, and day by day he came across the fields to the parsonage, and alternated his favorite studies, mathematics and Latin, with laying shingles.

When the barn roof glistened in the sun with its new coat of hand-shaved chestnut, the clover was showing its pink blossoms in the field near by, and Jared stayed on to help in curing and storing the fragrant crop.

One day the Rev. Abial Abbott, the minister of an adjoining town, drove up to make Parson Loomis a call, and that gentleman said, "I have a prodigy out there in the hay-field, a youth who has been studying Latin only eight weeks, and yet is reading two hundred lines of Virgil a day. Please go and call him, daughter Jerusha. I want him to recite to Brother Abbott."

Presently the youth came, in his tow shirt and trousers and knit suspenders. His feet were bare, and in his hand he carried a coarse straw hat. Tall, thin, shy, but with an assertive manliness about him, the visitor took a quick and strong fancy for the boy. He received him cordially and critically listened to the recitation.

After it was completed, he said, "Jared, you must go away to some school. There is none better that I know of, where a boy may help himself, than that in Exeter. My cousin, Mr. Benjamin Abbott, is the principal, and I will send in your application at once. I am sure you will be received there; in the meantime you can be making your arrangements about undertaking the journey."

"I can walk," said the elated boy.

"Very well, my lad. My wife and I are to go there in our chaise early in September to visit our relatives, and we will carry your trunk." And so that was the way it came about.

"Before Moses and Aaron lived, these same stars were testifying to the unspeakable power of the Almighty, and the faith that they inspire and strengthen draws the yearning soul onward and prompts it to do its best," said the youth to a friend who had met him to say good-by, in the gray of the September morning, as they stood gazing upward to watch the stars he loved go out before the light of the day that was to see him far beyond the farthest hills that had thus far bounded his line of vision.

He walked the one hundred and twenty miles to the academy in three days, and thereafter his life as a student went successfully forward. At no grade in his ascending course, as undergraduate, tutor, professor, president of Harvard University, brilliant preacher, Congressional chaplain, editor, historian, did he belittle his childhood's training. He always honored the virtues of his mother and the painstaking of his early teachers. In his later life, as he graded and beautified his fine grounds opposite the College Memorial Hall in Cambridge, planting trees and shrubs, he recalled those early days on the old Willington farm, and the pumpkins he used to make into "miniature worlds." As he planned his own spacious and elegant residence there, and overlooked the workmen, he said to them, 'My own early training stands me in good stead, for I am a carpenter by trade."—*Golden Rule.*

MANY THINGS WORSE.

Many eminent educationists have recently been loud in their denunciation of the competitive examination system so much in vogue in our schools and colleges, and attribute to it scores of evils. Others look upon these evils as largely imaginary and consider that there are many things worse for young people than hard work. Among these latter is Lord Derby. "You see," he says, "frightful pictures drawn of the health of young men destroyed by excessive competition and overwork. I will venture to assert that for one young man whose health has suffered from those causes, you would find half a dozen who have suffered from idleness and from habits of life which idleness in young men is always sure to produce. There is no better security for steadiness of conduct in a young man, than regular work for a definite object. He cannot afford to play tricks with himself, or do anything which may unfit him physically or mentally for the time of trial."

And Burdette thus counsels. "Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell, or writing funny things, you must work. If you will look around you will see the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six p.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even. It simply speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, and brighter and happier your holidays, and better satisfied will the world be with you."

COMMUNION WINE.

Mr. Peter Chalmers of Edinburgh writes to the *League Journal* as follows:—

In one of the Edinburgh churches where, happily, the unfermented wine has been introduced at the communion, and that without "dispence" being caused, a highly-important testimony was obtained from Dr. A. G. Miller, son of the late Professor Miller, which ought to be known by all temperance reformers, and effectively used towards the abolition of alcoholic drink from the Lord's table. The subject was first brought before the session through an elder-elect declining office owing to the use of the intoxicating cup at the communion; but a favorable opportunity did not then present itself of settling the matter, and one of the leading members expressed the opinion that he did not believe that any one who had been under the influence of the drink-crave could be led to his fall through the slight taste of alcohol on a sacrament occasion. That opinion is undoubtedly held by a large number of people, although a very slight amount of temperance work would speedily disillusionize them, and give them many an appalling instance of the terrible power the drink fiend wields over its victims. It was a remarkable circumstance that, unknown even to those who advocated the change, membership was applied for by a lady, an earnest Christian worker, but whose previous history had been very distressing on account of her drinking habits. The love of the drink had made advances by stealth, but it soon became too apparent that the appetite had got a strong hold. Stern measures, willingly acquiesced in by the victim, were adopted, and repeated periods were spent in suitable retreats without avail. Times of sobriety were alternated by relapses into the old habit, and the hopes encouraged by prolonged courses of abstinence were repeatedly and ruthlessly swept away in the mad impulse of a moment. Surely it could not be right, in the face of such a history, for a Christian Church to place that woman in an alcoholic environment at the Lord's table, and invite the arch-tempter to resume his deadly work, and produce moral and spiritual ruin? Yet some were not convinced of the necessity for a change to the juice of the grape. It was in these circumstances that a friend gave information regarding a personal experience of Dr. Miller, and the doctor on being applied to sent the following important letter, which should carry weight, not only because of the well-known character of the writer, but because it conveys first-hand and not hear-say evidence:—

My Dear Sir,—In answer to your communication of to-day I gladly send you the following facts:

1. It is well-known to the medical profession that the smallest taste, sometimes the odor, and even the sight of an alcoholic liquid will excite the crave for drinking and intoxication in any one who has been or is a drunkard.

2. An illustrative case occurred in my own practice. A lady was under my care professionally, who was found to have been drinking secretly for many years. She was spoken to, confessed, repented, and was apparently a changed woman for several months. As she was again desirous of becoming a member of the Church she went to her minister, who at once admitted her (the late Rev. Wm. Arnot). She came straight home from the communion table, broke open the sideboard, and was seen by me in the evening in a state of deep intoxication. She never regained control of herself, but died a few years afterwards a helpless drunkard. From my experience, and from my study of such cases, I would always recommend that they should have unfermented wine, or pass the cup at the communion table.—Yours truly,

A. G. Miller, F. R. C. S. E.

Perhaps the only remark one feels inclined to add is, that the doctor's advice does not cover the inference from the facts. If the odor, and even the sight of alcohol, will excite the craving, it is surely the bounden duty of every Christian Church to remove the alcoholic element in toto from the Lord's table, and not to lead their members and adherents into temptation.

THREE OUT OF FOUR.

I have practised law forty years, have been engaged in over four thousand criminal cases, and on mature reflection I am convinced that more than three thousand of them originated in drunkenness alone, and that a great portion of the remainder could be traced either directly or indirectly to this source. In seventy-six cases of homicide in which I either prosecuted or defended, fifty-nine were the direct and immediate results of the maddening influence of intoxicating drink, while in a number of the remainder the primordial cause was this prolific source of misdemeanor and murder.—*Hon. A. B. Richmond.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 22.

DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.—1 Sam. 31:1-13.

Commit Verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.—Ps. 34:16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"They shall eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 28:1-25.
T. 1 Sam. 29:1-11.
W. 1 Sam. 30:1-31.
Th. 1 Sam. 31:1-13.
F. 2 Sam. 1:1-27.
Sa. 1 Chron. 10:1-14.
Su. Prov. 1:20-23.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *The Philistines:* the old enemy of Israel, on the coast of the Mediterranean. *Fought against Israel:* their object was to ravage the country, and to take possession of the great caravan route to Damascus, for their commerce. 2. *Saul's sons:* all of his sons were killed, except the youngest, Ishbosheth. 4. *Took a sword, and fell upon it:* his army is routed; his trust gone; his sons slain; God has forsaken him. David might have been there to help, but he has persecuted his only true friend. 5. *Died with him:* being answerable for the king's life, he feared punishment. 6. *All his men:* probably the soldiers of the royal bodyguard. 9 *His head:* placed in the temple of Dagon at Ashdod (1 Chron. 10:10). 10. *Armor:* in the temple of Ashtaroth at Beth-shan, or Ashkelon. *Beth-shan:* a fortress on the heights overlooking the Jordan, twelve miles south of the Sea of Galilee. 11. *Jabesh-gilead:* a town east of the Jordan, ten miles from Beth-shan. Saul had saved the inhabitants from the Ammonites, the first victory after he was made king. (1 Sam. 11:1-11.)

SUBJECT: A SAD END FROM A BRIGHT BEGINNING.

QUESTIONS.

I. The Philistine Invasion (v. 1.) Who invaded the land of Israel? In what place did they encamp? (28:4; 29:1.) Who was their king? (28:1.) Where were Saul and his army? How did Saul feel about the impending battle? (28:5.) Where was David at this time? (28:2; 29:2.) Was this a cause of weakness and danger to Saul? What other desertions from Saul's army? (1 Chron. 12:19-22.) What did Saul do in his trouble? (28:6.) Why did not God answer his prayers? (Prov. 1:28, 29; 28:9; John 9:31; Mark 11:26; Matt. 15:7, 8.) To whom did he then apply for advice? (28:7-25.) Relate the story. Did Samuel really appear? Did Saul obtain any comfort or help?

II. The Battle; Defeat; Death (vers. 2-13.) What was the result of the battle? What was the real cause of Saul's defeat? Describe his death. What was done with his armor? With his body? (See 1 Chron. 10:10.) Who rescued his remains? What cause of gratitude led to this noble rescue? (11:1-11.) Where was David when he heard of Saul's death? (30:1; 2 Sam. 1:1.) Relate the story of his reception of the news. What noble song did he compose in honor of Saul and Jonathan? (2 Sam. 1:18-27.) Did this show a right spirit?

III. Lessons From Saul's Career.—To what work was Saul called? How did God prepare him for it? (10:6.) Could he have been very useful and happy? Has God some useful work for us all? What does he mean us to be in the future? What helps has he given us? What was necessary in order that Saul should accomplish his life's work? (Deut. 28:1.) How was he tested? (Chaps. 13 and 15.) For what end? (Deut. 8:2.) Did he stand the test? Was his life a sad failure? What portrait of Saul did Solomon draw? (Prov. 1:24-32.) How are we tested? What if we fail to trust and obey Jesus our king? Will it be our fault alone if we fail?

IV. New Testament Light.—To what has God called us? (Rom. 8:14-17; 14:17; Eph. 3:10; Matt. 5:13,14.) What help has he given us? (John 14:16, 25.) How only can we have a truly successful and happy life? (John 1:12; 3:16; 1 Pet. 1:8, 9; Matt. 19:28, 29.) What will be the end of the wicked? (Matt. 25:46; Rom. 2:5-9; Gal. 6:7, 8.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God gives us all many opportunities to live happy and useful lives.

II. Life is a probation, testing us whether we will serve God or not.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 29.

REVIEW.

Time.—From Samuel's call, B.C. 1134, to Saul's death, B.C. 1055,—about 80 years.

Places.—Palestine, chiefly in Judea, and in the vicinity of what was afterwards Jerusalem. *Shiloh and Nob:* the religious centres of the nation; *Ramah:* Samuel's home; *Gibeah:* Saul's capital; *Bethlehem:* David's birthplace; *Adullam, Engedi,* and *Gath:* places where David was an exile; *Mt. Gilboa:* where Saul perished in battle.

Persons.—Eli, Samuel, Saul, David.

The Bible.—The divine relation during the reign of Saul consisted of the Pentateuch, Joshua and Judges, and Ruth.

Contemporary History.—Egypt enjoying great prosperity, the queen of the world. Tyre was founded about this time. Troy was captured by the Greeks 1184 B.C. *Eneas* founded Lavinium in Italy in 1182, and his son Ascanius, Alba Longa in 1152.

QUESTIONS.

Introduction.—How much time is covered by the lessons of this quarter? Give the dates. What are some of the events of secular history about this time? Locate the places on the map. Who are the principal persons? How much of the Bible was written by this time?

SUBJECT: THREE GREAT HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

I. Samuel.—Where was he born? What were his parents' names? To what tribe did he belong? Give an account of his early life. What lessons can you learn from it? Where did Samuel live? What office did he fill? What were the leading events of his life? When and where did he die? What were the chief characteristics of Samuel? What are the lessons you can learn from his life?

II. Saul.—Of what family and tribe was Saul? What was his personal appearance? Would this be a help to him as king? What were the circumstances of his early life? What opportunities did he have to make a great and good man? How did God fit him for his work? How was he made king? How long did he reign? What two great trials of his obedience? Why did he fail? What was his end? What was his character? What lessons do you learn from his life?

III. David.—When and where was David born? The names of his parents? Where did he spend his youth? What accomplishments did he acquire? How was he first introduced at court? His first great deed? How he was prepared for it? Its effect on his future career? How did David spend his early manhood? How would this help him to be a better king? What lessons do you learn from his early life?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1889.)

1. July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Sam 3:1-14.
2. July 14.—The Sorrowful death of *Eli.*—1 Sam. 4:1-18.
3. July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Sam. 7:1-12.
4. July 28.—Israel asking for a king.—1 Sam. 8:4-20.
5. Aug. 4.—Saul Chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. 9:15-27.
6. Aug. 11.—Samuel's Farewell Address.—1 Sam. 12:1-15.
7. Aug. 18.—Saul Rejected by the Lord.—1 Sam. 15:10-23.
8. Aug. 25.—The Anointing of David.—1 Sam. 16:1-13.
9. Sept. 1.—David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17:32-51.
10. Sept. 8.—David and Jonathan.—1 Sam. 20:1-13.
11. Sept. 15.—David sparing Saul.—1 Sam. 24:4-17.
12. Sept. 22.—Death of Saul and his Sons.—1 Sam. 31:1-13.
13. **Sept. 29.—Review and Temperance.—1 Sam. 25:23-31 and 5-38.**

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WAS IT A BARGAIN?

"Yes, we certainly must have a new carpet, and I must persuade George to let me get it before Martin's sale is over; but I shall have hard work to do it, I'm afraid.

"Is George getting so stingy, then? I heard that his salary had been raised this year, so that he ought not to make such a fuss about buying a new carpet. I soon persuaded my husband that we must have one, and new curtains, too, and I mean to have new chairs for the parlor before long," and Mrs. Wilmot smiled triumphantly and shook out the flounces of her dress as she rose to take her departure.

Mrs. Ross could only sigh as she looked at her faded curtains, and the carpet that five pairs of little feet had worn almost white here and there. She had been married ten years, and the carpet so bright and new on their wedding-day, and which her mother had said would last a lifetime, had begun to be a great eyesore to her lately, especially since her friend Mrs. Wilmot had taken to visit her.

Sarah Wilmot had been her school-fellow, and so when she married and came to live in the same neighborhood, it seemed only natural that they should be friends; and yet she could not help wishing sometimes that she had not come to live so close or would not call upon her so often, for she always contrived to make her feel dissatisfied about something, and the shabby parlor carpet had been a standing grievance for some time. But Mrs. Ross thought she saw a way to get rid of it now, and as soon as her husband had finished his tea that evening she began her attack.

"Did you come past Martin's on your way home, George?" she asked taking a pile of stockings from her mending-basket.

"Yes; but what about it, Mary," said Mr. Ross.

"Well, you must have had your eyes shut if you did not notice their carpets, and the wonderful low prices at which they are marked," replied his wife, still busy with her stockings.

"Oh, I did notice that the windows were stuck all over with bills, the usual style of linendrapers' puffs,—their way of selling off the rubbish of their stock."

"But it is not rubbish, George," said Mrs. Ross warmly. "I took the children out for a walk to-day and looked at the carpets quite closely, and I am sure they are wonderful bargains."

"Well, they may be, my dear; I won't dispute the fact," said Mr. Ross, laughing at his wife's earnestness and taking up the newspaper as he spoke.

Mrs. Ross began to lose patience over what she considered her husband's obtuseness. "Do put that tiresome paper down, I want to talk to you, George. We must have a new parlor carpet; that one has been down ten years and is quite worn out, and I hate to see anyone come in now, for I'm ashamed to ask them into the parlor."

"The carpet certainly is shabby, but—"

"It would do nicely for this room—make this very comfortable," said Mrs. Ross, quickly.

"Yes; but I don't think we can afford to buy a new carpet this year."

"Not this year! Oh, George, we really must; and we shall never have an opportunity of getting such a bargain again."

"But you know, Mary, I meant to assure my life this year. I've always wanted to do it, but our expenses have been so heavy that I could barely make ends meet; but now that my salary has been raised I hope to do it."

"And we might have a new carpet, too, I'm sure," said Mrs. Ross. "How much will the life-assurance cost?"

Her husband told her the sum.

"Well, the rise you have had will more than cover that, and pay for the carpet, too," said Mrs. Ross.

"Well, perhaps it would; and if we could be quite sure there would be no extra expenses this year, we might buy a new carpet at once, but, as it is, I think we had better wait."

"Oh, nonsense, George, we shall never have such an opportunity of getting it so cheap as just now. Let me go up to Martin's to-morrow and look at some of them."

Mr. Ross shook his head at first; but his wife had so set her heart upon having the new carpet that he gave way before long, and it was decided that Mary should go the next day and make her selection.

"You must not choose anything too bright in color, or it will make the curtains and other things look shabby," said her husband, as he yielded a reluctant consent.

But Mrs. Ross had already made up her mind to get one as nearly like Mrs. Wilmot's as possible, and to have new curtains in a short time.

When the new carpet came home and was laid down, Mr. Ross could not but acknowledge that it was very pretty, and appeared to be cheap, too, if it only wore well.

"I'm afraid, though, that the colors are almost too bright," he said, noticing the general effect, or rather, contrast, between the bright new carpet and the faded curtains and shabby chairs.

"It is of no use buying a dowdy thing to begin with. It will wear shabby quite soon enough," replied Mrs. Ross, who was mentally calculating what it would cost to have a set of new chairs as well as new curtains.

Mr. Ross hoped that the carpet being bought his wife would be satisfied, and he might yet be able to insure his life before the close of the year; but in less than a month the defects of the chairs were pointed out to him, and Mrs. Ross declared they must have new ones. "We really have not chairs enough to use either," she said. "We have been obliged to have two of these taken for the kitchen, and the boys want two more for their bed-room."

So the chairs were bought, and, with a sigh of regret, George Ross was obliged to resign the hope of insuring his life that year, while Mary secretly hoped that her friend Mrs. Wilmot would cease finding fault with her furniture whenever she came to pay her a visit now.

But no. Mrs. Wilmot had so little business of her own to mind or so large a capacity for minding her neighbors' affairs that knowing, as she said, that Mary had only to ask her husband and she got whatever she asked for, she took it upon herself to remind Mary every time she saw her of something that was still wanting, either in the house or her dress or the children. So month after month passed, and George could never save enough money to effect the assurance on his life, for, although his salary had been raised every year, and he now occupied a much better position than when they were married, their expenditure had somehow quite equalled their income. Indeed, it was harder to make ends meet now that they were living in a larger house and appeared to be well-to-do people than when they had only half their present income, and everybody knew they had a struggle to maintain a respectable appearance. There was another thing, too, that often troubled George Ross. They could not afford to give the little weekly sum they once did towards the charitable or missionary societies in connection with the church to which they belonged. Mrs. Ross would have given to these, and left some tradesman's bill unpaid; but her husband was firm in this matter. He would not be burdened with debt; he had no more right to incur debt than to pick his neighbor's pocket, he said.

The hope of making some provision for his wife and children seemed further off than ever, but George Ross never quite gave it up until one morning when he was taken ill at his work. He was seized with a sudden pain in his head, and fell from the office stool insensible. Various remedies were tried to restore him, but all failed; and at last he was lifted into a cab and taken home.

After a few hours, he so far recovered as to be able to recognize his wife and children; but the doctor said he could not live many days. A shudder shook his frame as he heard the whispered words, and when the doctor had gone, he said, "I can never assure my life now, Mary. That carpet has cost us more—ten times more—than it was worth, for that was the beginning of our extravagance; and now I must leave you and the children wholly unprovided for."

"Oh, never mind us, dear; God will provide for us," sobbed his wife.

"Yes, God will provide; but I—I have been an unfaithful servant, for it was the work I ought to have done as far as I could. If I had never had the means of doing this, it would have been different; but God gave me the means, and I squandered them, instead of using them for him."

It was in vain that friends tried to comfort him with the promises of God's word concerning his care for the fatherless and the widow.

"I have no right to take comfort from them," he said. "Thank God, I did not put off the concerns of my soul as I have this business of assuring my life, or it would be too late now, for my head is too weak to think of anything but how great a sinner I have been, and how great a Saviour I have found, since he is ready to forgive such an unprofitable servant as I have been."

And so he passed away, his last hours clouded with the anxiety he felt concerning the future of his wife and family.

When it became known that no provision had been made for Mrs. Ross and her children, every one blamed her husband for this; and it added not a little to the poignancy of poor Mary's grief to hear some of these whispers, for she knew that it was entirely her own fault that they were thus cast almost penniless upon the world.

Fortunately, they were not in debt; and so, by the sale of the new furniture that had been considered necessary after the new carpet was bought, a few pounds were realized; and they took two rooms in the old shabby neighborhood, and Mrs. Ross made a scanty living by taking in plain needlework. How deeply and bitterly she repented of her extravagance and folly was known to none but herself and God; but she often warned her children by telling them the story of the new carpet, and asking, "Was it a bargain?"

OUR BOYS.

Because the boy is healthy, and eats his food and sleeps his sleep and plays his play, his mother is not to imagine without knowing that therefore all is well with him, and rest comfortably with her book, her fancy-work, her gossip, her friends, her household duties, satisfied that he is amused and off her hands. She is to discover what his play is, change it or improve it; she is to make the acquaintance of his companions; she is to see that all his amusement is wholesome to mind and body; she is never to allow him to be off her hands or off her mind. She brought him into this world; she is responsible for him, his soul shall be required of her. What the father's duties may be is not within the scope of our present consideration; but whatever his duties may be, and however he may perform them, abates no jot or tittle of what must be demanded of her also. And her obligations, moreover, do not cease even at the time when he begins to go out into the world. The women of the Turkish harem may resign their sons and their duties toward them when the boys are at the age of seven, giving the little lads over to the mercies of men, but the mothers of our civilization can never resign them at any age. If the boy wishes to go to large public schools, she should inform herself of the life lived there, and judge from her knowledge of her own boy if he can go there safely; and if he is to go to college, she should inquire into that matter also. An unwise woman is that mother, then, who, for the sake of the name of any college or supposed superior facilities of learning, will let her boy go to one where the faculty take their ease, and clear their consciences by calling the boys men, and making them responsible only to themselves at the very time when they most need guidance and command, where drinking and card-playing are the fellow-accomplishments of Greek and mathematics, or where the dangerous neighborhood of great and fashionable hotels renders those banquets possible in which the college youths make night hideous with their college yells, as the wine they drink goes to their weak young heads, and they fling about the dishes, work havoc, conduct themselves more like young brutes than young men, and get home to their chambers in a state to wring the heart of any mother who has a heart in her body. Something more than great advantages of education or of association are to be looked for here by careful mothers. In almost every case the education of almost any college will be ample for the purposes of life, and the boy must be known to be strong who shall be trusted in the temptations of such colleges as those of which we speak—temptations which, once yielded to, not only ruin the soul, but the body also. Too many a son who finds himself before middle age with a body good for little more, nerves and organs and strength broken up, has to thank for it, not his own weak or unvirtuous inclinations, but a mother who neglected to keep him narrowly in the way of taking care of himself, to inform herself as to his companions and pleasures, who was perhaps in herself neither a standard nor a beacon-light for him, and who suffered him to amuse himself with what turned out to be a very dance of death. Let the mothers of the men about to come forward and take the conduct of the world in their hands look to it that those men, so far as their hearts and heads and hands could do it, are sound in soul and body and fit for their work.—*Harper's Bazar.*

RECIPES.

FRIED CRACKERS.—Soak square soda crackers well in milk, and fry them quickly a nice brown in a little butter.

TO TAKE ORDINARY INK out of linen dip the ink spot into melted tallow, wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. This seldom fails.

SALMON BALLS OR CROQUETTES.—Half a can of salmon chopped with some cold boiled potatoes and a hard boiled egg. Season with the pepper and salt, make into round balls or cakes, roll in beaten egg, and fry a light brown.

STEWED CHEESE.—Set a little bucket containing a pint of milk into a pot of hot water until it begins to boil; then cut up the cheese and add it with a piece of butter and some pepper and salt. As soon as the cheese is melted, pour it over a slice or two of toast.

ORANGE SNOW.—Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pint of boiling water, strain and let stand until nearly cold; mix it with the juice of six or seven oranges and one lemon; add the whites of three eggs, and sugar to taste; whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge; put it into a mould and turn it out on the following day.

PUZZLES—NO. 18.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

I'm in tulip, thorn and tree,
I'm in thirteen, eight and three,
I'm in captured, held and free,
I'm in healthy, youthful, old,
I'm in frozen, hot and cold,
I'm in raven, rook and wren,
I'm in window, door and den.
I'm in little, large and light,
I'm in silly, sick and bright,
I'm in virtue, vaunt and grieve,
I'm in given, keep and leave,
I'm in table, chest and till,
I'm in heather, hut and hill.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

SQUARE.

1. To form. 2. A carrion fowl. 3. To turn aside. 4. To immerse. 5. To come in. S. MOORE.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

I'm in love but not in dove,
I'm in walk but not in mock,
I'm in time but not in rhyme,
I'm in girl but not in curl,
I'm in nice but not in spice,
My whole is a language.

BRYANT S. DRAKE.

Tabor, Iowa.

ENIGMA NO. 3.

I'm in love, but not in hate,
I'm in soon but not in late,
I'm in vain but not in proud,
I'm in people, not in crowd,
I'm in one but not in all,
I'm in spring but not in fall,
I'm in even but not in morn,
I'm in wheat but not in corn,
I'm in night but not in day,
I'm in joy but not in gay,
I'm in two but not in one,
I'm in laugh but not in fun,
I'm in earth but not in sky,
I'm in truth but not in lie.

SARAH A. L. FRASER.

Port Austin, Mich.

NOTE.

Every reader of this paper is welcome to this department. Puzzles or answers sent in will receive careful attention. Answers have been received from Bryant S. Drake, George Brown.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Zion—1 Chron. xi. 5, 7; Heb. xii. 22.

Z-eruiah	1 Chron. ii. 16. 2 Sam. ii. 18; iii. 39.
I-mage	1 Sam. xix. 16. Dan. ii. 31-35; iii. 12.
O-badiah	1 Kings xviii. 3, 4.
N-ehemiah	Neh. i. 11.

SQUARE No 1.—

G R A S P
R A Z O R
A Z U R E
S O R R Y
P R E Y S

SQUARE No. 2.—

A N N A
N O O N
N O O N
A N N A

SQUARE No. 3.—

T R I P
R A R E
I R O N
P E N T

ENIGMA.—"The Lord Reigneth." Psalms 97: 1.

The Family Circle.

DISSATISFACTION.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
  A gayly dressed wife by his side,
In satin and laces; she looked like a queen,
  And he like a king in his pride.

A woodsawyer stood in the street as they passed;
  The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said as he worked with a saw on a log,
  "I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
  "One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
  Of the man that saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
  Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
  While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw
  Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
  Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
  So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
  Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus, in this world, whatever our lot,
  Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
  Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasures for which we have sighed;
  The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
  That nothing but Jesus can fill.

MRS. LORRIMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDITH C. KENYON.

"Don't tell mother."

"Why not, Beatrice?"

"Oh! you must not. Mother says I am not to think of such things for years. She says such young girls as we are very foolish to think anything about young men. She will not believe I am old enough."

"But it would be far better to tell her all about it," said Dorothy Maitland, the older speaker, earnestly; "I should if I were you."

"Yes; but you are different. Your mother does not look down upon you as if you were miles and miles below her in age and understanding and everything."

"That is true," said Dorothy, softly. "Mother and I have always been friends and companions."

Beatrice sighed as she turned away, saying I must go home. She was a handsome, bright young girl of seventeen, but she was dressed with the utmost simplicity, almost childishly, in fact. Her naturally pretty, graceful figure was hidden in the folds of thick material, which some unskilled hand had formed into a dress. But nothing could obscure the beauty of her clear complexion, large dark blue eyes and golden hair. Her pretty mouth, however, pouted a little as she passed out of the garden in which she had been talking with her friend and went in the direction of her home.

"It is all very well for Dorothy to talk," she said to herself, "but her mother is not like mine. I dare tell Mrs. Maitland anything in the world, but mother is so different."

"Good afternoon, Miss Lorrimer," said a rather fast-looking youth of about her own age, coming suddenly round the corner of a lane close by.

"Good afternoon," said Beatrice, blushing, as she shook hands with him.

"How beautiful you look!" he exclaimed; and he went on complimenting her upon her appearance in a way in which she was indeed foolish to allow. But the fact was that her mother had been very unwise in the treatment of her daughter. Ever since Beatrice had been old enough to read to herself, fiction of almost every kind had been forbidden to her. Even the pure, wholesome stories of our best authors had been peremptorily withheld from her, with many other books which most mothers would have allowed their daughters to read. Mrs. Lorrimer had lost her husband soon after the birth of her only child, and since then Beatrice had been the one object of her care and solicitude. Unfortunately, however, the mother was narrow-minded and self-opinionated.

"My child shall be a child as long as possible," she had said to Mrs. Maitland; "she shall be natural, and neither books nor companions of her own age shall, if I can prevent it, put ideas into her head of which I do not approve."

Mrs. Lorrimer did not care for story-books, and therefore she did not see why Beatrice should learn to care for them. Beatrice, it is true, did not like the weightier literature in which she herself was interested, but then, she decided, she must be taught to like it. In the matter of friends, too, with the exception of Dorothy Maitland, whose mother was too old a friend of Mrs. Lorrimer's to be kept at a distance, the poor girl had no companions of her own age out of school hours. It was in vain Mrs. Maitland suggested that a mother had better train her daughter to exercise her power of judgment, and, by instilling into her right principles, cause her to see for herself what was wrong and what was right. The other lady was convinced that her plan was better, and she succeeded in making Beatrice to a great extent a mental cripple and an exceeding simple-minded young woman, whose notions of right and wrong were usually restricted to the question whether her mother would or would not allow the matter.

The same treatment which Mrs. Lorrimer bestowed upon her daughter was also given to her servants, and amongst them it was even more productive of ill-effects. To deceive their mistress, who always laid down the laws so peremptorily, and, as it seemed to them, unreasonably, became a custom into which they were not slow to initiate Beatrice.

Mrs. Maitland's heart had ached for Beatrice, when she had overtaken her one day, returning from the High school she attended, and eagerly devouring a very sensational novel as she walked.

"Don't tell mother," the child had pleaded, pitifully, when she was gently reproved.

But Mrs. Maitland had felt it to be her duty to do so, though she had expressly stipulated that the girl should not be punished on that occasion. She had begged Mrs. Lorrimer, too, to remove a prohibition which it was almost impossible for her daughter to obey; Mrs. Lorrimer, however, had obstinately adhered to her own opinion.

Mrs. Maitland therefore easily understood how it was when Dorothy said to her, on the evening of the day in which Beatrice had been confiding in her in the garden:—

"Mother, I want you to try and have a talk with Beatrice Lorrimer. I am afraid she is about to get into trouble, and I am sure she would confide in you if she had a chance."

"Has she told you about it?" asked Mrs. Maitland.

"Yes. And I have begged her to tell her mother, but in vain," replied Beatrice; "she said she would tell her mother if she were like you, but she cannot as it is."

The result of that conversation was that Beatrice was invited to come to tea the next day. Unfortunately, however, for Mrs. Maitland's plan, when she was in town the following afternoon she was detained until evening by business of importance. Before she arrived home Mrs. Lorrimer's maid had come for Beatrice. The houses were only a quarter of a mile or so apart, but Mrs. Lorrimer would not allow her daughter to walk even that short distance unattended. Beatrice had often fretted at this restriction of her liberty, as she thought it, for Dorothy always went to and fro in the daytime by herself. "It is just as if I could not be trusted!" said Beatrice, crossly, instead of trying to prove herself trustworthy. That evening it happened that she had her own reasons for wishing to be alone. As soon, therefore, as they were out of Mrs. Maitland's garden she begged the maid to go home another way, promising that her mother should n t find out about it. The maid, who had friends of her own the other way, was nothing loath to oblige the young lady, and they accordingly separated.

The beautiful August evening was fast sinking into twilight as Mrs. Maitland, walking home from the town, found herself passing Mrs. Lorrimer's high garden-wall near a door which stood partly open.

"I am rather frightened, Bertie, but you will be sure to be there," she heard Beatrice saying.

"Yes, yes, I'll be there all right," answered a youth, with evident impatience. "Mind and don't keep me waiting, and take care your mother does not find out about it."

"Not she," said Beatrice; "I know exactly how to arrange it all, and to manage so that she will not find out."

"To-night, then, here, at eleven o'clock exactly."

"Yes," replied Beatrice, faintly.

Mrs. Maitland stood still in the shelter of the high wall in speechless perplexity. In a few moments a youth, whom she recognized at once, came out of the garden and closed the door carefully behind him.

"Bertie," said the lady, in a tone of gentle reproach. "Oh! Bertie, what are you doing?"

He started and turned very red. He was exceedingly afraid that all had been overheard. He was still such a boy, in spite of his age, that he was on the point of running away, and would most certainly have done so if Mrs. Maitland had not laid her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me," she said, gently, "what is going to happen to-night at eleven o'clock?"

He looked wildly up and down the road, and then half angrily into the sweet face by his side. Then he said, almost with a sob—

"If I tell you, you won't tell of us?"

"I think you may trust me," replied his gentle, motherly friend.

He looked at her again, and hesitated no more. Very shamefacedly, with crimson cheeks and downcast mien, he blurted out the whole story of what he thought was his love for Beatrice Lorrimer and of her unhappiness in her home.

"Her mother is a regular old tyrant," he ended; "she treats her as a child of six years old; she denies her almost every indulgence. We have agreed to run away to-night. We can easily find a hiding-place in London. We shall get married there, and I will find work and live for Beatrice."

Gently and earnestly Mrs. Maitland showed him how wrongly he was acting, and what a failure his whole scheme would prove if it were carried out.

"You have no mother, Bertie," she said, "or I would ask you to talk it over with her, and your father is reserved and —— No, my boy, I will not tell him," she broke off to reply, in answer to his eager, beseeching whisper; "but you must promise me that you will not go on with this."

"But I must," he said. "You heard what I promised Beatrice?"

"I heard. But you must not—nay, more—you shall not go on with it."

"Beatrice will come here at eleven—she will be in despair if I am not here too."

"No, she will not," said Mrs. Maitland, quietly; "I will see about that."

"But how? What will you do?"

"I will meet her here myself. I will take care of her."

"You!"

He looked into her face, and his own cleared considerably. With a few hasty words of thanks and regret, he hurried away.

Eleven o'clock came at last. It was damp and cold and starlight. Mrs. Maitland was glad to wrap her warm fur cloak about her as she paced up and down the road by her friend's garden wall. The old clock on the church-tower had just struck the hour when the door beside her was opened gently, and Beatrice's pale face and trembling form appeared.

"Is that you, Bertie?" she asked, in a voice which was strangely unlike her own.

"Beatrice," said Mrs. Maitland, gently, clasping the poor, frightened, foolish girl in her arms.

Beatrice hid her face against her shoulder, whispering—

"I am so glad, so very glad, I was so frightened. You won't tell any one, I know."

"Come home with me," said Mrs. Maitland, "and we will talk about it there."

Beatrice sobbed more than once as she went with her towards her house, but no more was said until they were alone in Mrs. Maitland's drawing-room, where hot coffee was waiting for them on a small table by the fire.

Mrs. Maitland poured out two cups, one of which she gave her young visitor with a smile as she said—

"Scarcely the hour for afternoon tea, is it? But we shall not be disturbed. Mr. Maitland is busy in his study."

Beatrice drank some coffee and looked round the pretty room, at the bright fire, and then up into the sweet, smiling, loving face beside her with deep gratitude. She was beginning to realize from what she had been saved.

"How did you know?" she asked in a whisper.

"Bertie told me. I promised him I would take care of you."

"Did he deceive me, then?" began Beatrice, falteringly.

Mrs. Maitland explained how she had overheard their words.

"Of course I could not allow it to go on," she said.

"Shall you tell mother—as you once did about the book?" asked Beatrice miserably.

"No, my dear, I shall not tell your mother. You are no longer a child; you will do that yourself."

Beatrice protested, but Mrs. Maitland talked long and lovingly to her, and showed her how wrong she had been, and how the little trial of confessing all to her mother was the least that she could now do to prove her repentance.

"You shall go home very early in the morning, before you have been missed," she said, "and believe me, if you tell all to your mother and trust her as you should, she will be more easily reconciled than if I went to her with all the eloquence I could command."

Mrs. Maitland was right. Before the next day was over Mrs. Lorrimer came to thank her, with tears in her eyes, for her kindness in this matter.

"You have saved my child," she said, more humbly than Mrs. Maitland had ever heard her speak, "and I have come to ask your advice as well as to thank you. What shall I do with her now?"

"Make a friend and companion of her as I do of Dorothy. Encourage her to tell you everything. Do not be too hard upon her, but put yourself sometimes in her place, as it were, and think how matters must seem to her," said Mrs. Maitland, adding, "and if you find that she and Bertie are still thinking much of one another, allow them to meet occasionally, and hold out the hope that if he works hard and gets on in his profession, and his character is such as you cannot fail to approve, if they still wish it, you will allow them some day to be engaged."

"But I do not feel as if I could ever so far forgive him."

"You must remember he, too, is very young, only seventeen, and, although he ought to have known better, he has no mother, and his father is stern and unsympathetic."

"That is what I have been," said Mrs. Lorrimer; "the faults of parents seem to be reflected in the sins of the children." She was very thoughtful for a few moments, then she said, "You are a wiser mother than I. Dorothy could never have acted in the way Beatrice has—you possess her confidence."

Mrs. Maitland sent Bertie Harmond to Mrs. Lorrimer the next day to beg for her forgiveness, which he did not do in vain. Somehow, in that inexplicable way in which all news will spread, the matter reached his father's ears, and Bertie had to experience the mortification of being sent back to school for a year, just when he had begun studying, for his preliminary examination in the medical profession.

Beatrice and Dorothy were allowed to be more together than ever, and the latter, encouraged by her mother, took especial delight in helping her friend to gain higher principles and nobler thoughts. The prohibition about books having been withdrawn, Beatrice read with delight some of the best fiction of the day, which taught her, as no mere precepts would have done, in what true refinement of mind and soul and true nobility really consist.

Years afterwards with their parents' full consent, Beatrice Lorrimer and Bertrand Harmond were engaged, and, a little later, happily married.—*The Mother's Companion.*

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

Twenty years ago Thomas Scott, of Pennsylvania, one of the shrewdest of railway men, spent a few days in a country village. An active, bright-faced boy in the house where he boarded attracted his notice. He asked the school-master what was the capacity of the lad.

"He is dull," was the reply. "Thick-headed and incapable, though willing enough to learn. His father wishes to make a chemist of him, but he cannot master the first principles of the science."

Mr. Scott, watching the lad, observed that in the affairs of daily life his judgment was clear and just, and his observation keen. He showed, too, a singular faculty for managing his school-fellows. The boy's parents were induced to take him from school, and Mr. Scott gave him work in the yard of a railway.

"Now, he said, "you have no longer to deal with books, but with things and men. Make your own way. I believe you can do it."

It was the first time the boy had been told that he was not wholly a dolt. He proved to be energetic, intelligent, and enthusiastic in his work. There was a certain firmness and cordiality in his manner which gave him control over his associates. He was soon sent out upon the road in charge of a gang of men. A few years later, when Mr. Scott came that way again, the young man was superintendent of a division. He afterward rose steadily to the front rank in his profession.

A boy is too apt to be influenced in the choice of his life-work by some accident or petty motive. His father and grandfather have been successful physicians, or manufacturers, or butchers, and it seems natural and right for him to follow in their footsteps. Or his intimate friend at college is going to study law, and he must do the same.

Sometimes a pious father and mother cherish a fond hope that the boy will devote his life to preaching the gospel, and, rather than disappoint them he does it, with no fitness nor real zeal for the work.

In each case the lad's life is a failure, for the want of a little deliberation and a careful examination of his natural abilities.

Among our readers of this paper there are tens of thousands of boys who must soon make choice of their profession or trade, one of the most momentous earthly questions which will be set before them.

Don't be in a hurry, boys. Do not let an accident decide for you. Do not choose an occupation because it is more "genteel" than others. It is the man who gives character and dignity to his occupation, as to his clothes.

Do not think, because you were rated dull at school, that there is no honorable place for you in the world. There are talents and powers which do not deal with books. God sends no man into the world without providing an occupation for him in which he may earn respect. You have yours.

But take care that the work is that for which the tool is fitted. The mere fact that the work seems pleasant and attractive to you does not prove that it is fitted to your faculties. You may be ambitious, but you cannot climb a ladder without feet and hands.

Learn the strength of your feet and hands, find the right ladder, and then trust only in God and to yourself to make your way up it.—*Youth's Companion.*

"DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED, NURSEY."

A MODERN HEROINE.

Every one knows of the noble and tragic death of Hetty Ogle, but few have watched the consistent and well-ordered course of her life.

Hetty Earl was born in the beautiful mountain village of Somerset, Pennsylvania, and there she grew to be a cheerful, helpful, happy, pleasant-faced young woman.

Her father was for many years Recorder of the courts here. He died a poor man. There were few educational advantages in Somerset, and though Hetty had a strong, well-balanced mind, it had little school training. After her father's death she married Charles Ogle, a younger member of the family so distinguished in Pennsylvania politics. He was one of the first to enlist as a soldier in the civil war, and was killed in the Wilderness at the battle of Gaines Mill. His body was never recovered. Mrs. Ogle was left with three little children to support and she went to work calmly and bravely to do it. The telegraph office in Somerset was in a room also occupied as a store, and where the rough men of the town congregated to gossip and quarrel; but she undertook to learn that business, and she did it thoroughly, never getting a disrespectful word from any one, the hardest part of her task being that she left her babies at home to take care of each other as best they could. She soon became wonderfully proficient, and was given an office of her own in Somerset. From that she gained the confidence of the telegraph company so entirely that at the time of her death she had charge of three telegraph lines in Johnstown. Her two boys grew to be fine fellows, shaped by her strong will and good example. Her daughter was always frail in health, and was only kept alive by the tender care of her mother. Their home was the most perfectly ordered that can be imagined. It was seldom invaded by a servant, but was kept exquisitely neat by the skilful and deft hands of the mistress. Everything that came upon her table was of the daintiest, and she shared what she had with rich and poor. Her friends always said Hetty's coffee-pot was inexhaustible. She taught scores of boys and girls telegraphy for nothing, and helped them to find situations. At the time of her death two young girls were gratuitously sharing her home and earning good wages in telegraph offices from the benefit of her instruction. They died with their benefactress. She even found time to do beautiful fancy-work with her wonderful quick fingers. She was one of the sort of whom people say, "How does she find time to accomplish all that she does?"

She was a member of the Christian Church. Her religion was certainly most practical. She embodied the golden rule.

She had at one time to endure a terrible surgical operation. After it was over, and she was just regaining consciousness, she saw her son, to whom she had taught telegraphy, standing by her side. He saw her fingers move, although she could not speak, and he understood that she was telegraphing on the bed-spread, "It is over; I am safe," to a distant and anxious friend. She was entirely unselfish during every conscious moment of her useful life. While this illness was progressing, the telegraph company to whom she was so faithful a servant sent a man, at their own expense, to take her place in their offices. All the mill whistles in the region were hushed by a positive order from the owners while she was in a critical condition, and bulletins were regularly issued to the anxious town, where she commanded general love and respect.

The company which she served had just repaired and put in perfect order the house which she occupied, and the world never looked brighter nor fairer to Hetty Ogle, than upon the morning of the day that she gave up her life in the effort to save her fellow-creatures.

Not a trace of her drowned, burned, maimed, scattered body has been discovered by agonized searchers, but we, who believe in the reward of the faithful servant, are confident that Hetty Ogle has heard from the Master, "Well done; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Mary Black Clayton in Harper's Bazar.*

HAPPY AND MISERABLE.—We need little less than infinity to make us happy, and little more than nothing to make us miserable.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

"GOOD MORNING."

"Good morning, world!" On the window seat
She balanced her two little timid feet;

She clung with her dimpled hands, and stood
Framed in like a picture of babyhood.

The clambering vines hung low and green
'Round the sunniest curls that e'er were seen,

As she stood with beauty and light impearled,
And bade "good morning" to all the world.

"Good morning, world!" and the great world heard;
Each rustling tree and each singing bird,

The dancing flowers and the fields of grass,
Nodded and waved at the little lass;

And the far-off hills and the sky o'erhead,
Listened and beamed as the word was said;

And the old sun lifted his head and smiled—
"Good morning, world!" "Good morning, child!"
—*Unidentified.*

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"O Father-Eye, that hath so truly watched;
O Father-Hand, that hath so gently led;
O Father-Heart, that by my prayer is touched—
That loved me first, when I was cold and dead;
"Still do thou lead me on, with faithful care,
The narrow path to heaven, where I would go:
And train me for the life that waits me there;
Alike through love and loss, through weal and woe!"

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness; a land of deserts and of pits; a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man (but a Christian) passed through, and where no man dwelt."

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon; as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that, when Christian was got to the borders of the shadow of Death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land, making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows:

Whither are you going?

They said, Back! back! and we would have you to do so, too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Why? what's the matter? said Christian.

Matter! said they, we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little further we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

But what have you met with? said Christian.

Men. Why we were almost in the valley of the shadow of Death; but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it.

But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men. Seen! why the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit; we heard also in that valley continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and iron; and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion; death also does always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order.

Then said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.

Men. Be it thy way; we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted; and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, into which if even a good man falls he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag king David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not he that is able plucked him out.

The path-way was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to trip over into the mire on the other.

About the midst of the valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the way-side. Now thought Christian, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called "All-prayer": so he cried, in my hearing, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!" Thus he went on a great while; yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like the mire in the streets. This

frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard, by him for several miles together: and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley: he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward. So he resolved to go on; yet the fiends seemed to come nearer: but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God:" so they gave back, and came no further.

One thing I would not let slip; I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice. And thus I perceived it: just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him; which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he had met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme him that he loved so much before. Yet if he could have helped it, he would not have done it: but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence those blasphemies came.

When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

Then was he glad, and that for three reasons; first, because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself: secondly, for that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the impediment that attends this place I cannot perceive it? thirdly, for that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by-and-by. So he went on, and called to him that was before: but he knew not what to answer; for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by-and-by the day broke: then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

NO USE.

"I'm no use!" said a little dewdrop that came floating up from the misty lake. "I'm so small and so weak and so light, it's not much good I can do in the world." And so it lost heart and sank down, down, down, till it fell softly on a tiny wee flower—wee, wee, and drooping and dried; for the sun had been very scorching all that day. It should have been a beautiful flower for all that it was so wee; for its eye was as blue as the summer sky, and its lips were dainty and soft, but it was shrivelling up and withering, and not looking well at all. Oh, how it kissed the dewdrop, and kissed it again and again, till it "kissed it all done," as you sometimes hear mother say she could do with baby, but takes good care not to! And so the dewdrop was lost, but not quite. It had only taken an inside place, so to speak, instead of an outside; for it had gone right into the little flower and given it strength—as love always does. And the wee, wee flower held up its head again, and was bright.

And a poet came along that way and saw the flower, and he knew its name—it was Forget-me-not. And he fell a-thinking and a-wondering how it got that name; and at last, being a poet, he found it out, for poets see further than other people, and know more, and understand better. And he wrote it all down, and I think you would like to know what he wrote. It was this:—

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came):
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing in his face,
It said, in low and trembling tones,
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down,
And said, "Forget Me not."

Nice words, these, are they not? Yes, and they were printed in a book, and a man who had a big trouble at his heart read them there. He had once had God's name upon him, had once been a Christian; but he had forgotten God and forgotten the Name by which he had been named, and he couldn't get the little poem out of his mind—

Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot.

The words seemed to have wings, for they flew with him, and followed him everywhere: he couldn't get away from them. But he couldn't remember the other part, and he tried not to think about it at all; but his trouble got bigger, bigger, and heavier—

Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot.

And, hardly knowing what he was doing, he opened the book again, and read—

Kindly the Father looked him down,
And said, "Forget Me not."

And it all came home to him: it was like an angel's message for him, and he bowed his head on his hands for a while, and then glided down to his knees, and lifted his face to God in prayer, and his face was wet with tears, and

Kindly the Father looked him down,
And said, "Forget Me not."

There was sunshine on that man's face when he rose up, and there has been sunshine in his heart ever since; for he has never since then forgotten the Name by which he was named—a Christian—Christ's man. There was a soul saved from its sins. And, yet—what began it all? It was the little dewdrop which said "I'm no use!"—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CHILDREN.

They are such *tiny feet!*
They have gone so short a way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Be kind; things are so new and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon; and so
The hands are tempted oft, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often held
To sun or showers, showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks for such much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky;
They may not be here by-and-by.
Give them not love, but more, above
And harder, patience with the love.
—*Selected.*

FIG. B.

1. Cicada one hour out of Shell. 2. Cicada emerging from Shell. 3 and 4 Back and Side Views of perfect Cicada.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

To begin with, the seventeen-year locust is not a locust at all, but a cicada. The locust is a grasshopper-like insect which feeds on the green foliage of grain or grass crops, and which, in its turn, is considered a dainty edible by our Indians, and has been so considered in Asia and Africa for ages. It is peddled about the streets of some of the North African cities to-day, and there sold by the measure like the peanut with us, and it is spoken of in the Bible as having formed part of the food of John the Baptist at one time. It is probably because the locust appears in great swarms at times, and that the cicada does the same, that the early settlers of this country named it the locust, after the swarming insect of the older countries. And it will always go by the name of locust in spite of anything that may be said.

The seventeen-year locust was noticed by the settlers of Massachusetts as early as 1633, when it was described as "a numerous company of flies, which were like for bigness unto wasps or bumblebees; they came out of little holes in the ground, and did eat up the green things, and made such a constant, yelling noise as made the woods ring of them, and ready to deafen the hearers." Excepting for the fact that they do not eat the green things, this is a very good description of the seventeen-year locust, as those who are now being favored with a visit from them will avouch. The manner in which they come out of little holes in the ground smacks of the marvellous. They pass seventeen years underground, and then, as if by preconcerted arrangement, make their appearance out of the little holes almost simultaneously, and in numbers that run far up into the millions. This is always done after sunset, and by nine o'clock the same night the hordes have appeared. They are not very active when they first appear out of their subterranean homes, but they make what speed they can toward the nearest trees, and climb them to the lower leaves, where they fairly swarm, sometimes as many as thirteen pupæ clinging to one oak leaf (*Fig. A*). Those which are belated either cling to the bark of the tree or—if too late to get that far—fasten their claws to the first convenient object, and wait for the grand transformation which is to convert them from ugly crawling things of silence and gloom into gorgeous things of the air and sunlight, the males endowed with musical powers, and both sexes clad in gay suits of orange and black, with gossamer wings of iridescent hues. But a few minutes elapse after the pupæ have secured a resting-place before the dull skins begin to crack along the back. Then the imprisoned cicada works his way to freedom, at the first a soft white thing, but quickly developing wings, and becoming hard and active (Fig. B). For the most part, it does not require more than twenty minutes for the soft-prisoner to become a perfect cicada, though sometimes an hour or more is consumed in the process, and several hours are required to produce the final color. The males are the first by several days to appear, and they herald the first dawn of their new existence by trying their drums; for their musical apparatus is in effect drum-like. At first their music is rather feeble, but in a little while it secures the proper tone and force, and then it scarcely knows any rest. Nor do they drum at hap-hazard, but rather in unison, and so it is that the noise of the swarms can be heard fully a mile away, and is positively deafening when close at hand.

The male cicada eats very little while waiting for the female to appear, and that little is in the form of sap from the trees, the bark of which is slightly punctured for the juice to exude. The coming of the females is hailed by the waiting lords with an increased noise, and for a few days the air is thick with the flying insects, so much so that the sun is obscured for small areas. In a few days after this the males die gradually, and the females busy themselves with the task of egg-laying. Each female will lay in the neighborhood of five hundred eggs, and the manner in which she lays them is really remarkable. She selects young twigs only, and with a singular apparatus,

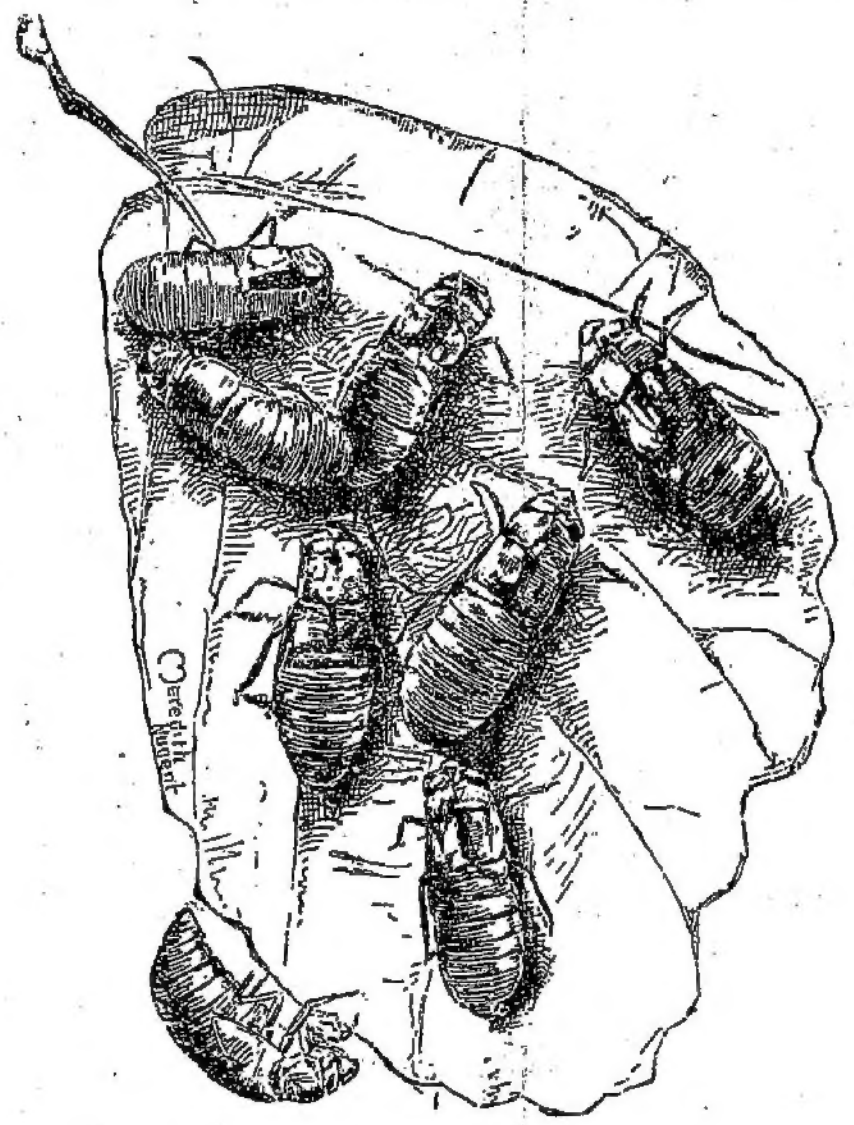

FIG. A.

called an ovipositor, bores holes in regular order along the underside of the twigs, into which the eggs are regularly and carefully placed. Each nest contains about twenty eggs (Fig. C). The ovipositor is a most ingenious contrivance, and is composed of three parts, one part being an awl with which to pierce, and two parts being opposing saws with which to cut. And after the nest has been cut out of the twig, the ovipositor acts as a tube, down which the egg is propelled into its place in the nest.

After the cicada has laid all her eggs she loses her strength and dies. She has lived a dreary underground existence of seventeen years, to enjoy a brief life of a few weeks in the air and sunshine. And now the new brood is started on a seventeen years of life. The eggs hatch in about six weeks, and the baby cicada is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and very active, though so light that it falls to the ground from a height sometimes of a hundred feet without the least injury. It has a pair of strong claws with which to dig a hole in the ground, and it puts them into use immediately. Down it goes into the earth, and for seventeen years burrows and burrows, sometimes going as deep as twenty feet, and sometimes not one quarter of that, but changing its skin twenty-five or thirty times during its underground travels. It lives on the juices extracted from roots, and sometimes, but not often, injures trees. When the time for its reappearance on earth comes near again, it gradually works its way toward the surface, and finally digs a tunnel upward to the surface, going up occasionally to peer about and discover by signs known to itself when the 20th of May has come. If the soil is marshy where it has elected to appear, or if heavy rains are prevailing at the time, it has been known to build a turret six inches above-ground, with a roofed cap, so curved that it can go up into it and be in safety from drowning in case of flood. It is at the time when it emerges from the earth after its long sojourn there that it is in most danger from enemies; for then the hog and other animals find it a toothsome morsel, and devour it in great numbers. At a later period, when it has gained the power of flight, it becomes the prey of some birds, though it was reserved for the little English sparrow to make the most determined and destructive war upon it. So ravenously have the sparrows been known to devour the insect, that in the height of the cicada season a few years ago the air would frequently be full of the floating gossamer wings of the devoured insect.

The only real injury done by the cicada is when the twig which has been bored to receive the eggs is not strong enough to recover from the wound. As a rule, the twig does recover and the wound scars over, but with very young nursery trees the wound is very likely to injure the tree beyond recovery. As a matter of fact the life of the twig in which the eggs have been deposited is considered necessary to the hatching of the eggs, though it was at one time thought that the female deliberately sawed the twig off after depositing her eggs in it. The cicada is also often maligned by being credited with having a poisonous sting. It has no sting at all. It can bite, but never has been known to do so to anything but the bark from which it wished to extract some juice. It might cause trouble by depositing an egg with its ovipositor in the flesh of a person, but the person who would quietly submit to that process, for the fifteen minutes which would be required to accomplish it, could have no just cause for complaint. Country boys freely play with them, inciting them to drum for the pleasure of watching the vibrating diaphragms, which in the seventeen-year locust are located just under the wings. And they carry them to school in their hats occasionally, that they may there discourse such music as *is in them.*—*John R. Coryell in Harper's Weekly.*

THE BAD OLD TIMES.

For a change, how does the above caption look! We have long been accustomed to the other phrase, "the good old times," let us change it. There were the bad old times of the French Revolution when blood flowed like water and the greatest murderer was the best fellow. There were the worse old times before the French Revolution; times of tyranny and royal caprice and unutterable debauchery in high places; times that could only be purified as by fire. There were the bad old times of the Middle Ages in Europe when little children were allowed to have their feelings wrought upon so that they would enlist by the ten thousand in a hopeless crusade against the Moslems, only to die by the ten thousand; there, too, were the bad old times when the Bible was chained, and when people were flogged and killed for reading a New Testament, and when the fires at Geneva and Paris roared and hissed around their victims. There were the bad old times in England when it was a perfectly respectable thing for a gentleman to get drunk once in a while, and when no one was read out of good society because he was a gambler, and when women labored half-naked in the coal-mines worse treated than the donkeys themselves. These were the times when only a few could obtain an education, and the masses could scarcely hope to get above the condition of their fathers. There were the bad old times in our own land when there was only one professing Christian to every fourteen of the population, instead of one in five as at present; when our rulers were pronounced atheists, and our scholars were pronounced sceptics. There were the bad old times of slavery and disunion and civil war and carpet-bagism. There were the bad old times when not one solitary voice, even of one crying in the wilderness, was raised against the curse of rum-selling; when some ministers of the gospel themselves tippled at each house on their round of pastoral calls, and the members of the flock were not slow to follow their example. Let us thank God that the bad old times have *gone never to return*, as we hope. The new times are not as good as those that are coming but they are better than the past, and the eastern sky is brightening.—*Golden Rule.*

GREAT thoughts are mariners of the mind,
With strong white sails unfurled;
Words are the vessels that they find
To bear them round the world.

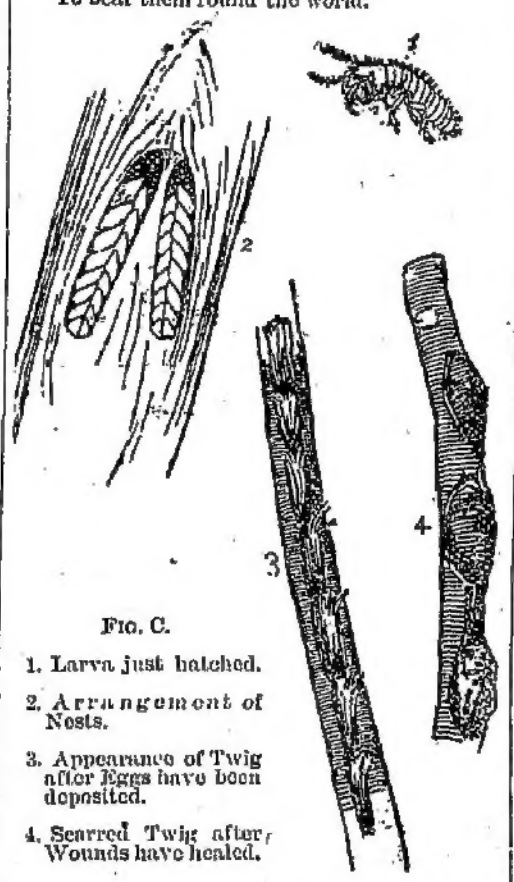

FIG. C.

1. Larva just hatched.
2. Arrangement of Nests.
3. Appearance of Twig after Eggs have been deposited.
4. Scarred Twig after Wounds have healed.

TRUST.

BY GEO. KLINGLE.

We do not see.
It was not meant for you and me
To look beyond the near, dim west
Dividing the present from the rest—
From the to-come.
Just one by one
The steps we take;
Just one by one the glories wake,
Or tempests beat. We go
Nearer and nearer to the setting sun, and know
But this, whatever is, is best—
Sweetest of words confessed
By love's warm breath
In life or death.

We go.
Led by his shielding hand and know
He will not make,
Except for love's sweet sake,
A single day
Shadowed, along life's bitter way.
When all is night
We rest in this—He leadeth toward the light.
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

IN READINESS.

BY MARY HUBBARD HOWELL.

Harvest time had come; Farmer Grant's beautiful field of red clover had been mown and all one sunny afternoon two boys, with the strong arms and tireless feet that made labor a delight, had been raking the fragrant swath and tossing it into low haycocks here and there about the field. Now at sunset, with the happy consciousness that their day's work was well done, they leaned their rakes against the fence, and then, in boyish fashion, seated themselves on the highest rail to rest a few moments before trudging home.

"Phil," said the youngest, a boy of fifteen," do you ever dream about what you will be and do when you are a man?" Phil's Midas-like imagination was at that moment converting the sweet-scented hay before him into dollars and cents; but he paused in his pleasant task, and for a second looked thoughtfully at his brother.

"No," he said soon in contented voice, "I don't waste time in dreaming about my future, Edwin, I neither want nor expect to change much. I love every foot of this old place, and I hope to live and to die here where I was born."

Edwin nodded approvingly, "I am glad you want to stay," he said "for it would not be right for both of us to leave father, and I want to go away."

"For what, and where?" Phil asked in a low business-like tone.

"That is just what I don't know," Edwin slowly confessed. "I want to go—somewhere, and I want to do—something. But the world is so wide that I don't know where to look for a place; and neither do I know what kind of work I want to do, or can do.

"Until you do know I guess you had better stay here," Phil said in a matter of fact voice.

"On this fence, do you mean," Edwin asked with a laugh, as he jumped down and shouldered his rake. "Well, you may stay if you like, Phil, but I'm going home now, and some day—" the boy added soberly—"I am going from home. I am sure of that, though I cannot tell where I'll go, nor when."

"All right," Phil answered cheerfully. "Only, old fellow, before you go be sure that you are ready."

"The question is how, and for what, I am to get ready," he said as he led the way homeward.

That evening when he opened his little Bible, Edwin's eyes,—guided, perhaps, by him who orders all our ways—fell on this question, "Wherefore wilt thou run, my son seeing that thou hast no tidings ready,"

With the quickness of a bright young mind the boy made his own application of that searching question. If it means anything for me, he thought, it means just this—that before I run I must be sure that I am sent; before I seek a great work I must be sure that I am fitted for it. When God's workers are ready for their tasks their places are always ready for them.

But how am I to get ready, was the boy's next thought; and then, like an inspiration, came the resolve: I will neglect no opportunity, however small, that is offered me for self-improvement; and I will seek to acquire all the information possible on all subjects, even the simplest and most insignificant. I will begin to-morrow to pick up "learning's crumbs," and then I will wait patiently to see what use God will bid me make of them.

Edwin paused then; but soon another and a nobler thought stirred his soul. If I am a learner I must at the same time be a doer, he said to himself. While I am trying to get ready for some great work in the future, I must not forget or neglect the little duties of the present. Perhaps the little duties are the stairs by which we climb up to the heights where the great deeds are done. No, he firmly resolved, I will not slight or despise my little duties; and I will choose for my motto, Faithful in that which is least."

Edwin Grant had a strong will, as well as a bright imagination, and obstacles to him were like spurs urging him onward. A district school education was all his father was able to give him; and if Edwin was to be "a picker up of learning's crumbs" he had but a meagre feast to glean from. But he had a dictionary and an atlas; his father owned Henry's Commentary on the Bible and before the summer ended the boy, by dint of hard and unsparing labor, had earned money enough to purchase in cheap plain bindings Chambers' Encyclopedia in fifteen volumes; and possessed of these he felt—much as Columbus did about his three ships—that with them he could make wonderful discoveries, and acquire great treasures.

Two years went rapidly by, and left Edwin where they found him, still working on his father's farm. No door into the great world had opened yet for him, and no opportunity for more congenial labor had been offered to him. The wasting time tired his patience, but it did not weaken his determination. Quietly and firmly he adhered to his resolve, and sought in every possible way to make the most of his small advantages, and to get ready for the duties and responsibilities of manhood.

One October morning the old stage that connected the little village of Lonewood with the nearest railway station broke down opposite Farmer Grant's. There were but three passengers, a gentleman and his wife and young daughter, and Edwin was asked to take his father's team and drive them to the station. Cheerfully, with little thought of the consequences that would result from that drive, the boy complied.

"Let me see," the gentleman said suddenly, as they were driving leisurely through the beautiful forest that gave Lonewood its name, "this is the fourteenth of October, Lily" and he turned to his daughter, "here is a puzzle in history for you. Seven hundred and eighty years ago to-day a battle was fought that changed the fate of a great nation and wrought a lasting revolution in its language, manners and government. What was that battle?"

"O, I don't know," replied the young lady with much indifference, "perhaps it was Waterloo."

"Waterloo! seven hundred and eighty years ago," her father said scornfully. Then, as his keen eyes detected the smile on Edwin's face, he asked.

"Do you know, my boy?"

"It was the battle of Hastings, was it not, sir?" Edwin answered modestly.

The gentleman nodded. "So you know something of English history, do you?" he said, "Well, now let me see what you know of the world's history, before the Normans were thought of. Answer this question, if you can. When, by permission of Cyrus, after their long captivity in Babylon, the Jews returned to Palestine, what were the other great nations doing?"

A little laugh, more expressive of ignorance than amusement, escaped from Miss Lily, but Edwin answered quietly.

"China was a great nation then, and in China Confucius was teaching the people to reverence their parents, and worship their ancestors."

"Humph," Mr. Maynard said, "some of Confucius' teachings might do good in America, I am thinking. Well, what were they doing in Greece?"

"Solon the Wise had died two years before. Pythagoras had recently invented the multiplication-table, and the first public library at Athens had just been founded."

"Pretty well advanced in civilization, weren't they?" Mr. Maynard said dryly. "Well, what was the mistress of the world doing?

"Do you mean Rome, sir?" She was hardly mistress of the world then, I think. Nebuchadnezzar had dreamed of the "kingdom as strong as iron, but at that time I believe the Romans were occupied chiefly with quarrels and wars among themselves."

Mr. Maynard smiled at the allusions to Daniel's prophecy, but continuing his examination, he asked next.

"What were they doing in the land of the pyramids?"

"The glory of the Pharaohs was waning I think," Edwin answered, "for soon after the return of the Jews to Palestine the Persians invaded and conquered Egypt."

"You have read history to some purpose, my boy," Mr. Maynard said in a pleasant voice, while his daughter asked eagerly, "How have you ever learned so much?"

"I haven't learned much," Edwin answered humbly, "I am only trying to learn."

"But how could you connect all those different events?" the young lady asked.

"O, that is easy," Edwin said, "I take a date and set it up like a flag staff for my centre, and then around it, like so many tents, I group all the contemporary facts about nations and peoples that I can learn."

"That is a good way, isn't it, papa?" the young lady asked.

Mr. Maynard did not answer. He was watching Edwin, and seriously considering the wisdom of a thought that had suddenly occurred to him.

Yes, he thought, you are intelligent, my boy, and you have disciplined your mind well; but now what is your character? A cultivated intellect unaccompanied by Christian principles is like a house of many stories built on a poor foundation, it is always dangerous to trust it; and I will wait a while, and learn what stuff you are really made of, my bright boy, before I form any plans for you.

Just as Mr. Maynard made this wise resolve a man on horseback galloped up to them.

"Hello, Edwin Grant," he called, "you are just the boy I want. My waggon's a little further on, and the wheels are locked for want of oil. Now have you your oil can with you?"

Edwin sprang up, raised the cushion of his seat, and revealed a small box containing rope, and twine, a hammer and nails, and several other articles; from among them he produced a small oil can, and handed it to the man.

Mr. Maynard looked on with much interest. "Do you always carry a tool chest on your drives?" he asked.

"Yes, when I am going on a long drive," Edwin answered. "I always like to be ready."

"Ready for what?"

"I don't always know, sir, for whatever I am needed."

"Hum," Mr. Maynard stroked his beard and rode on, busy with thoughts that would have astonished Edwin if he had known them.

They reached the station some minutes before the train was due, and as he waited on the platform, Mr. Maynard saw Edwin go to a small fruit stand that was near by. Curiosity, indeed, led him to follow, and as he stood near the boy, though unnoticed by him, he heard him say:

"The last time I was here I bought four lemons of you. You said they were thirty-six cents a dozen, but for the four you only charged me nine cents. I didn't think about it then, but after I got home I discovered that you had made a mistake, and ought to have asked twelve cents, and now I want to make it right." And as he spoke Edwin laid the three cents in the fruit seller's hand.

Mr. Maynard turned and walked away undiscovered by Edwin, but when a minute later the boy came to him to say good-bye, he asked:

"Do you intend to spend your days on your father's farm, my boy?"

Edwin's face flushed a little, as he answered "no, sir. My brother will stay with my father, I am only-waiting——"

"For what?" Mr. Maynard asked, as the boy paused.

"Until a door opens," Edwin answered in a quiet but decided tone.

"Hum," Mr. Maynard soberly ejaculated, and then as the approaching train warned him to hurry, he said kindly:

"Good-bye, my boy, some day—perhaps—we will meet again."

A few days later a letter that changed and influenced his entire life came to Edwin Grant. It was from Mr. Maynard: he was engaged on an important historical work, he wrote, and wanted a young man to read to him, write from his dictation, and aid him in collecting facts from the valuable works stored in public libraries. Great thoroughness and faithfulness would be required, but there would be many hours of leisure and a good salary. Would Edwin accept the situation?

Would he? Two years of patience and unceasing effort had made him ready for it and prepared to appreciate its rare advantages; and with a glad heart the boy went forth to his new work.

Years passed. There came a time when all over the broad land Edwin Grant's name was known and honored. A time when great duties claimed him, when great tasks were laid upon him, and when the trust of a nation, in its hour of peril was safely reposed in him. And the foundation of all that greatness was laid the summer's night when he resolved before he aspired to great things to get ready for them, and in the least things to be faithful.—*Christian at Work.*

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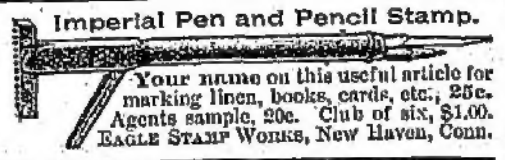

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